UNITY.

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

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EDITORIAL.

VOLUME VII.

With this issue UNITY completes the third year of its life. Our nursling has been the recipient of much loving care and the cause of not a little parental anxiety; and it is yet an infant subject to the cares and annoyances of youth and inexperience. But it enters upon its fourth year with hope and growing limbs. Its guardians have recently given a great deal of time and thought in planning for it new clothes, a more diversified diet and better nursing, so that it may be more worthy of good society. But we have concluded to let these plans speak for themselves as they are developed, venturing only to say that the next year will be a growth on the last. And if our indulgent readers who love UNITY for what it aims to be and ought to be, will only become, even in a small way, coworkers with us, our plans will be the sooner realized, and our hard work will be the more enjoyable for such evidence of sympathy; for

"Love makes this work easy and any load light."

There is not one of our subscribers but what could, without much labor, send us one more subscriber as a love token. Let this, dear reader, be your Valentine to us. Meanwhile, look out for UNITY, VOLUME VII., NUMBER 1.

ETHICS IN BUSINESS.

We learn from the *Woman's Journal* that H. P. Kidder, the well-known philanthropic banker of Boston, recently gave an hour's talk to the Woman's Club, on the "Methods and Principles of Business," in which he claimed that inasmuch as exchange is as necessary as production, there is a business that is as legitimate as agriculture. He also affirms that "honesty is the rule, and dishonesty the exception, among business men." "Honor and fidelity are prized, and the greatest successes are obtained by fair dealing." He assured the women that the profits of capital are not accidental, but governed by tolerably fixed laws, and that from failures to study and respect these laws, ninety per cent. of the men who engage in business sooner or later fail.

We rejoice to know that this modern St. Matthew who is "daily seen sitting at the receipt of customs," can so confidently reaffirm the ancient gospel of human excellence. More than ever will we feel like writing friend Kidder's name with a "Rev." before it, for of all preaching, that is most needed which discloses to people that the "Day of Judgment" is now upon them, and that the divine decrees are issued in this world, and go into effect "on and after date of publication." When dead, this Matthew ought to be canonized, for they are the rarest of saints who, in tending to the business of the Lord, do not neglect their own.

UNITARIANISM LARGER THAN CHRISTIANITY.

If Unitarianism means a belief in one God, then surely it is a larger term than Christianity historically interpreted, for doubtless a lofty monotheism existed before Jesus was born, and does now exist where the name of Jesus is unspoken. If, again, Unitarianism represents, as its friends always insist, "love to God and love to man," it stands for the larger term, for all scholars are now agreed that these high doctrines are taught and exemplified far beyond the limits of doctrinal and historical Christianity. Most of all, if Unitarianism historically and philosophically stands committed to that divinest synthesis of the spirit the most religious generalization of science, the *oneness* of all religions, the unity of all faiths made such in the common bonds of kindred yearnings and mutual hopes, it becomes that noble, comprehensive term that cannot be limited by any race or specifically historical boundaries. It is something that ignores all word-quibbling and phrase-making. It then stands for a movement which challenges the admiration and enlists the co-operation of all progressive and truth-loving spirits. This is to us the only vital interpretation of Unitarianism, and as it seems to us, the only interpretation that will live, or deserves to live. Any attempt to narrow it to a *sect-name* within the already overcrowded boundaries of a dogmatic Christianity will in due time

bring upon it the blight that falls upon all dogma, tism and cause it to die the death that awaits sectarianism. If, as we are very willing to believe Christianity is ultimately to be interpreted by these comprehensive elements it contains, then it becomes an interchangeable term, then they become most Christian who most stoutly refuse to accept any word interpretation of it. The universal elements in such a Christianity will cast out any sectarian Unitarianism with the crudities and the errors that represent the transient factors in that great historic stream which had its rise in Nazareth.

We patiently wait the day when Unitarians will gladly recognize as their own, all devout and truth-seeking souls that are willing and anxious to partake of their fellowship. It is for Unitarians to make character, and not theological phrasings, the test of its fellowship, and those only are to be left out who desire it by their own election. Any Year Book compiled on a narrower spirit than this will continue to be an offence to the Christ-like inclusiveness of this fellowship and a reproach to the great word it bears. We are led to write these sentences by the decision of a committee, to whom was referred a matter in dispute between the Trustees of the Southgate Fund at Leicester, Mass., and the Rev. S. B. Weston, pastor of the Unitarian church of that place. The Fund was left to support the preaching of "those broad and generous views of God which are known by the name Unitarian." Mr. Weston hesitates to take upon himself the theological limitation which to his mind is conveyed by the word Christian, but faithfully teaches and exemplifies the cardinal principles of Unitarianism—viz: unity of God and love to him as Father, and to all men as brethren, whereupon the Trustees withhold the fund, the committee sustaining the action of the Trustees. Though many of them are members of the Council of the National Unitarian Conference, the committee wisely disclaim any representative quality in their action and they decide only upon the terms of the will.

Mr. Weston remains one of us, a young man consecrated to the work for which he has laboriously prepared himself. While the heartiness of his word and the helpfulness of his spirit continue, we propose to hold hard onto him as a fellow worker and a UNITARIAN MINISTER.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Carlyle, who has died since our last issue, was yet preaching the liberal faith long before most of our readers were born. Fifty-four years ago, while introducing German thought to England, he quoted from Richter with approval a sentence that UNITY might take for its motto: "Are all your mosques, churches, pagodas, tabernacles and pantheons anything else but the ethnic forecourt of the Invisible Temple and its Holy of Holies?" And the same year he eulogized human nature in words we gladly quote: "In any point of space, in any section of time, let there be a living Man; and there is an Infinitude above him and beneath him, and an Eternity encompasses him; and tones of sphere-music and tidings from loftier worlds will visit him with holy influence." During the succeeding years there followed fast from his pen that rare essay on Burns, and the hardly less rich one on Voltaire, and a whole series on German authors. It was just fifty years ago that he published that most notable paper entitled "Characteristics;" and there was already lying in his brain, if not in his desk, the "Sartor Resartus" which has come as a very gospel to many since. How its clarion sentences have deepened our hatred of shame, and love of worth! It mercilessly stripped the ragged clothes from many an old institution, and showed us the folly in fashions of a hundred kinds; yet it held up the truths beneath to new reverence. It dared to approach the sacredest things, and boldly asserted that "the dead letter of religion must own itself dead, and drop piecemeal into dust, if the living spirit of religion is to arise with new healing under its wings." It followed the human soul downward through the successive depths of disappointment, doubt and denial, to the "Everlasting No" and "Center of Indifference." Yet even there it restored to manhood with its "What *art* thou afraid of?" and with heroic words led the soul upward to the "Everlasting Yea."

Meanwhile this inspiring teacher has turned to other fields, and his tireless research and dramatic genius have given us graphic pictures of the French Revolution and Cromwell and Frederic, not to be surpassed. Often too he has written of the movements of the day, with the old fire but with ever-growing sadness and complaint. He seems to have become a different man. It is a long way from "Sartor Resartus" showing the follies of war, to the eulogist of Frederic the Great; a long way from that tribute to man above quoted, to his later classification of nearly all men as fools.

Full indeed of wisdom, insight and far-reaching influence are all of Carlyle's writings. But we prefer to remember the younger and more hopeful man, who told us fifty years ago that "out of all evil comes good; and no good that is possible but shall one day be real." H. M. S.

Contributed Articles.

LOST BLOSSOMS.

BY M. B. C. SLADE.

As I look through the gate of the arbor
Out into the wintry wood,
I remember how green in the spring-time
The grove in its beauty stood;

And how the anemones glistened,
Drooping, snow-like, all over the ground,
While the little white violets listened
To the spring-brooklet's musical sound.

I remember how trustful the other
Blue violets opened their eyes,
Smiling up like a babe to its mother,
To the blue of the smiling skies.

I remember—I pressed to my bosom
My boy in the woodland green,
And thought him the loveliest blossom
The spring-angels ever had seen.

As I look through the gate of the arbor
Out into the forest lorn,
I can see that the leaves are all withered,
I can see that the flowers are gone.

I do not know why they were bidden
Away from our sight to go,
I do not know *where* they are hidden;
This, only, I surely know:

That when the long winter is ended,
And the earth grows warm in the sun,
The Lord will give back to her bosom,
Each lost little blossoming one.

I do not know where they have borne him,
My blossom, so fair and so pure,
I do not know why I must mourn him;
Of this, only this, I am sure:

That, when the long winter is ended,
And the spring-time of Heaven begun.
The Lord will fold back to my bosom
My lost little blossoming one.

THE LECTURE-SYSTEM.

F. L. H.

I have just come from the largest hall in the city, where Mr. Archibald Forbes, the war correspondent of the *London News*, talked to us for an hour and a half in a bright and entertaining way of the royal personages whom he has met. The lecture had been well advertised; the audience was large, and showed its interest by its attention and applause. Yet one may almost number on the fingers of one hand the entertainments of this character which have been given in this city of a hundred and sixty thousand people during the last two years. The fact suggests the decadence of the lecture-courses once so popular, and leads one to inquire into the causes of it. Are they to be found in the system itself, or in a certain lowering of its character as a channel of popular instruction and entertainment? It seems to me mainly in the latter direction.

Those of us who recall the lecture-courses of twenty years ago and more in the cities, and indeed in many of our smaller towns, especially in the east, remember them as a most valuable source of instructive entertainment. Men prominent in the pulpit, in science, in literature and in social affairs, met the people in this way and spoke upon large themes of general interest. Many an essay and oration that now have permanent place in our literature, were first given to the world from the lecture platform. Questions of public import were presented by those who had made them a special study. Biographical sketches were given, with a clear and vivid representation of the subject and the actors and events of his time. Literary clubs and library committees organized these courses of ten or a dozen lectures, and so well were they patronized by an interested public that money was sure to be had, above all expenses, for some worthy object, educational or charitable, in the town; while their influence as a means of popular education was by no means inconsiderable, and they furnished one of the most pleasing forms of public entertainment.

Of late years there has been a manifest decline of public interest in the lecture. Some of the best lecturers have withdrawn from the field, and others appear infrequently. Some influences have doubtless contributed to this which are in no wise disparaging to lecturers or to the public. Popular magazines have multiplied in number and improved in quality; and these have become more and more a channel of communication with the people on the part of our best scholars and thinkers. So far also as the mere curiosity to see and hear a man of wide reputation for the first time contributed to swell the audience, the popular interest would naturally be lessened with his frequent reappearance upon the platform. To meet this demand would soon grow to be no easy task. But I think we must look elsewhere for the most influential cause of the decline of interest in the lecture. While there are many noble exceptions, yet as a whole the lecture has greatly fallen from its earlier character and purpose. Where it once afforded solid instruction, it now aims at no more than amusement, and often fails even of this. Where it once stimulated the popular mind, it does not now even seek to quicken thought. It is satisfied if the audience but fill the house and go away with a laugh. It lacks all seriousness of purpose, and has degenerated from a noble service of popular education to a mere effort at amusement. The average man upon the public platform has no beliefs, no convictions, no ideas which he is the consecrated servant of, but he comes upon it as a matter of business, and consults what seems to him the taste of the multitude. How different this from those earlier days when Emerson discoursed to town and village audiences upon the deeper themes

of thought and life; when Sumner spoke of freedom and government; when Parker sought in the country platform an extension of his city pulpit; when Agassiz carried to the people the results of his study and research, delighting most, amid all his honors, even to his last day on earth, in the simple name of "teacher;" when others, too, followed the example these had set, and made the lecture a recognized and valued institution of society.

In proportion to the deterioration of the lecture in aim and character, has risen—somewhat strangely—the pecuniary expectation of the lecturer, and the price which is demanded of the people; and yet the satisfaction to the earnest man in giving wider utterance to his knowledge and conviction—which once made no small part of the recompense—being out of the question, it is perhaps but natural that a greatly-increased amount of money should be required to make up for it. Nor indeed would I disparage mere amusement as such, in expressing regret that the public lecture has so far degenerated to this in its ideal and aim. The great public needs its recreations and diversions from labor and care. I much question, however, whether the lecture in this field can successfully compete with other and more attractive rivals, by nature more varied and fruitful in resources. That it has failed in the attempt thus far is apparent; while the experiment has done not a little to lessen its hold upon the public interest and esteem as a means of diffusing information and thought. Simple people who have scruples against the theatre in any and all forms, may avail themselves of low-comedy upon the platform, wherein the company is reduced to one member. As the "Country-parson" has said, much depends on the way of putting things. But the more thoughtful people in all trades and employments have come to feel the folly of spending both money and time for plagiarisms from the "funny columns" of the newspapers, with not so much as a thread of thought upon which they are strung.

I wish we might see to-day a real revival of the public lecture in the service of popular education. There are men and women, not a few, who maintain the dignity of the earlier type; yet they are in the minority upon the platform to-day. For this revival a higher aim must animate the lecturer, and the teaching (noblest calling!) must take precedence of the mere money-making. No article, however finely written, read from the paper or magazine, can have the charm that comes with the living voice freighted with thought and conviction from within; what Mr. Emerson, in speaking of the institution of preaching, calls "the speech of man to men" (which, alas, so much of the preaching is not!) "the most flexible of all organs, of all forms."

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done:
Not till the hours of light return,
All we have built do we discern.—*M. Arnold.*

STRIPPING THE CATHEDRAL.

W. C. GANNETT.

In the days of early and aggressive Protestantism, the sturdy rebels from the Mother-Church stripped her old cathedrals of paintings, statues, colors, along with priests and altars, robes and censers. Nearly everything which met the eye with beauty, except the solid arches and the clustered columns which could not very well be overthrown, became a shuddering horror to the conscience because associated with superstition. And many an old church of northern Europe still attests by its bare, bleak walls the vigor of that early Puritan iconoclasm. To-day, we,—Romanists as little as our fathers,—are bringing back the colors, pictures, statues, to the places where we meet for public worship.

But to-day, also, a new Protestantism is discarding the Mother-Bible from the old-time veneration. Its words are no longer the words of God, its marvels are but the legends of religious literature, its psalms and gospels are criticised and found not all-ennobling. And the question rises, Must we, to be truthful in *our* day, emulate our fathers and be Puritans again, stripping from our services of worship all the imagery with which the Hebrew and the Christian Testaments have inlaid our thoughts and phrases? Can the world only advance in this way—by fits of iconoclasm and then regretful semi-restorations? Is there no such process possible as a mental growth that first and last, and ever exactly, ever bravely, ever freshly keeps truth *truth*, and yet can safely keep the old beauty, too, as beauty, using it for symbol where once it stood for fact? Is it not the very function of outgrown truth, in religious literature, to add itself to the funded poetry of the world?

This is the general question which underlies all constructive efforts of those interested in enriching the forms of worship of the Liberal Faith. It meets us in every Festival Service that we prepare, in every Hymn Book, in every anthem of the Church; and specially it rises in all we offer to the children in the Sunday School in the way of lesson, song or liturgy, because for their plastic minds we are bound to take the greater care. A Sunday School Service Book, noticed in another column (page 387), just now brings up the point ably by a preface in which the author, filled as few are filled with the God-thought, God-feeling, God-name, declares his inability to use in his Services any phrase that savors of the "extrinsic anthropomorphic" theism commonly extant. If our readers will turn to that notice, they will make the acquaintance of a little book worth knowing. We have saved out from our notice the criticism that we offer separately here because it concerns so much more the general question than the special book. We want light on this question from other Liberals,—from those who would say "Truth first, and of the distinctest kind, but Beauty, then, and all of it that is possible."

Speaking for one, this little book called "Noblesse Oblige" seems to me a great gain upon the Psalm-thought and Psalm-words of our usual Services, be-

cause it interprets more clearly to the mind and more nobly to the feeling the grandeur of our own religious faith: it is at once more intelligible, more interesting, and, on the whole, more impressive than the phrases and allusions of the old Hebrew piety, dear and stately as these are through association. We are so used to the antique in the language of worship that it is simple and familiar language that surprises our attention and impresses its meaning.

At the same time I think our author loses somewhat, or, more exactly, would lose in preparing more Services than six, by the farther stretches of his conscientiousness. He seems *nervous* about anthropomorphism. We feel like asking, Because we are grown folk, shall there be no more bread and milk for children? He even allows us the right to be children ourselves; but to allow the children to be children "handicaps them with the incubus of false conceptions." It easily may;—but necessarily must? Is not the fear which answers Yes, that nervous Puritanism which strips the Cathedral?—although, in this case certainly, it does not offer us in the Cathedral's place a white-washed barn of worship. The *in*trinsic theism makes three-fourths of all the thoughtful *ex*trinsic theism everywhere; and it is not hard to have our children's theism of the thoughtful kind, if we will. The child-mind can be more safely trusted, we suspect, with "idols," i. e., with visible images, symbols, than some of us imagine. The doll, the fairy-tale, the daily improvised dramas of childhood, give constant practice in the use of symbols: and the teacher's part is not to prevent their use,but their misuse,—to guide perception (*more carefully and bravely, indeed, than usually is done in reference to a child's theology*) to the fact that it is but symbol. Let the frank "caveat" be given; it is so quickly understood and applied by the child that, we think, it would need but little repetition, if only all persons around the child would be habitually truthful; and as they are not, the best, the roundest education is still to teach the true use with the "caveat." As our author notes in his preface, we certainly exclude from the schoolroom and the church a vast deal of the world's old beauty, "its most poetic, most immortal literature," in giving up the common symbols of theism: but "immortal poetry" is not of the *dead* past,—the dead thing is the belief that the symbols are realities. Bury that belief, then, and carefully; but let live for the children what lives for ourselves. We are almost as much infants, after all, as they,—they almost as much men as we, in t is whole matter. The truth is, is it not, that child or man, we are by nature *both* anthropomorphists *and* transcendentalists. If so, it is untruth to deny one's self, it is pity to distrust one's self, completely on either side; it is duty to train both sides.

Similarly with the Hope of Immortality. Into his beautiful Spring Service our author admits no suggestion of that horizon to the life that now is: out of truthfulness,—he does not *know*, he says. Of course he does not, but he knows he *hopes;* he expressly claims that to his inmost fibres he holds a larger faith, namely, that, if there be not the immortality we mean, there will be something better yet. Then utter and rejoice in the Immortality, we say, *not* as the knowledge, but as just what it is,—the Hope set in the larger Trust; and do this lest, again, a nervous fear should make us, not true, but untrue to the highest in us. Is not this conscientious reticence sign of an unperfected peace; or if not that, then sign of an unperfected truthfulness? Is it not a fact that few "Radicals" have the courage yet to fully trust the children from the outset with the deep, beautiful awe of the *whole* thought, hope, feeling that is their own?

THE LIBERAL PREACHERS OF ENGLAND OUT OF THE PULPIT.

VIII.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

N. P. GILMAN.

(*Concluded.*)

I have dwelt thus upon Arnold the poet and essayist, because the works which most deeply interest us as religious thinkers—"St. Paul and Protestantism," "Literature and Dogma," "God and the Bible," and "Last Essays on the Church and Religion"—have succeeded the poems and the literary essays by a natural evolution which he shall himself describe: "Poetry interprets in two ways; it interprets by expressing with magical felicity the physiognomy and movement of the outward world, and it interprets by expressing with inspired conviction the ideas and laws of the inward world of man's moral and spiritual nature. It is interpretative both by having *natural magic* in it, and by having *moral profundity*." Beginning his career as an ardent Hellenist, with the uppermost idea of simply seeing "things as they really are," and rendering his account in poems full of natural magic, Matthew Arnold has accented with increasing emphasis, in poem and essay, the moral order of the world, which the Hebrew felt it to be the first thing to recognize, and, recognizing, to obey. "In the poets," he says, "who unite both kinds of interpretation, the naturalistic and the moral, the latter usually ends by making itself the master." Even so has it been in his own case. Without losing "spontaneity of consciousness," he has advanced with a steady step in preaching "strictness of conscience," and offers, in his later works, the best example in the century of the union of Hebraism and Hellenism—the two great historic forces which he has so delicately traced and so wisely judged.

I do not hesitate to declare my opinion that the contribution which Matthew Arnold has made to sound thought in matters of religion in his "St. Paul and Protestantism," and, above all, his "Literature and Dogma," is the most important yet made in this century. In these two works the utmost force of a poet and critic of the very first rank has gone to work to interpret to the world at large the heart and soul of the Bible. Never have more freedom, subtlety, delicacy, purity and penetration of mind united in one man upon this diffi-

cult work. It would be a pleasing, but I trust it is a superfluous, task to recite here a few of the many inimitable paragraphs of that unique "essay towards the better apprehension of the Bible," which has created an epoch in the study of Scripture.

Yet I must note two or three points, however familiar they may be. Observe the profound earnestness with which Arnold takes up a seemingly radical, but really most conservative, position. "No light half-believer in a casual creed," he has the secret of the Eternal within him, as no son of Arnold of Rugby could well fail to have, and realizes that, while "men cannot do with Christianity as it is," they "cannot do without Christianity itself." The brilliant Prof. Clifford declaiming against it as an "awful plague which has destroyed two civilizations," seems to this deep-hearted, high-thoughted man but "a clever and confident youth, with the hopeless inexperience, irredeemable by any cleverness, of his age. Only when one is young and headstrong can one thus prefer bravado to experience, can one stand by the sea of Time, and instead of listening to the solemn and rhythmical beat of its waves, choose to fill the air with one's own whoopings to start the echo. Compared with Prof. Clifford, Messrs. Moody and Sankey are masters of the philosophy of history. Christianity is truly the greatest and happiest stroke ever yet made for human perfection. Men do not err, they are on firm ground of experience, when they say that they have practically found Christianity to be something incomparably beneficent. Where they err, is in their way of accounting for this, and of assigning its causes." Culture, which here, in relation to the Bible, is "getting the power, through reading, to estimate the proportion and relation in what we read," is essentially a conservative power. And if the present reigning "mechanical and materializing theology, with its insane license of affirmation about God and a future state," is displaced by a culture which recognizes God in all history, in Nature and in present Humanity, it will simply be because the "poverty and inanition" of the ordinary theologian's mind have been discovered.

Observe, again, that the foundation stone of "Literature and Dogma,"—the fact that the essential Bible is not dogma, nor to be used as material for dogma, but is literature, and, in its highest parts, poetical literature,—is a fact the solidity of which will inevitably become more and more apparent with the advance of knowledge and the spread of literary culture. But we can scarcely look to see for many years another interpreter of Scripture possessed of equal insight with Arnold. In the pages of "Literature and Dogma" we have almost unfailing magic of utter honesty, pure moral penetration, poetic imagination, delicate sympathy, the conscience of a prophet and the ardor of a heavenly seer, united in the most exquisite culture, and revealed through a style that is the despair of criticism. I perceive that Arnold has not made sufficient allowance for the strictly theological element in Israel's conception of "the Eternal Not Ourselves that makes for righteousness;" I regret more than one lapse from "sweetness and light;" but nowhere else do I find a fuller light shining upon Old Testament and New Testament alike, making plain the inmost moral core of Israel's heart, and the forever-winning sweet-reasonableness of the Man of Nazareth.

Men will long continue to repeat more than one of Arnold's choicest sentences as the master-words of a new theology, the epoch-making utterances of a deeper religious life. "Conduct is three-fourths of life,"—let that be in our minds when we are prone to exaggerate the immense importance of right thinking. This, he says, is the summing up of the Old Testament: "O ye that love the Eternal, see that ye hate the thing which is evil! to him that ordereth the conversation aright shall be shown the salvation of God:" and this of the New: "Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity!" "The Eternal that makes for righteousness:" of him Christ came "to revive the intuition," and to restore "to righteousness the sanction of happiness." Jesus' method was *inwardness*, his secret was *self-renouncement*, and these "working in and through the element of mildness produced the total impression of a sweet reasonableness: a total impression ineffable and indescribable for the disciples, as also it was irresistible for them; but in Jesus alone was found this total stamp of grace and truth, this exquisite conjunction and balance, in an element of mildness, of a method of inwardness perfectly handled and a self-renouncement perfectly kept." But mark this "Better Part:"

"'Christ,' some one says, 'was human as we are;'
'Well, then, for Christ,' thou answerest, 'who can care?'
Was Christ a man like us?—ah! let us try
If we then, too, can be such men as he!"

Such are some points of the liberal preaching, outside of the pulpit, of Matthew Arnold. I have chosen to let his own words be heard, not a feeble paraphrase. The outcome of "inspired conviction," they are justly dear, in their poetic fitness and beauty, to many of us who find in anti-Christianity no more satisfaction for our souls than in the decaying popular theology that passes itself off as the genuine word of Jesus. We do not believe that any extension of Natural Science will do away with Literature, the expression of the high inward life of Man; with Poetry, the highest utterance of literature; or with Religion, the supreme poetry of the soul. So believing, we give to a Huxley or a Spencer his utmost due, but reserve, as we must, for the moralist, for the poet, for the seer of religious truth, our last reward, our most honorable crown! Let them be the portion of one who sings this word of the Spirit:

"Children of men! the unseen Power, whose eye
Forever doth accompany mankind,
Hath looked on no religion scornfully
That men did ever find.

Which has not taught weak wills how much they can?
Which has not fallen on the dry heart like rain?
Which has not cried to sunk, self-weary man:
Thou must be born again!

"Children of men! not that your age excel
In pride of life the ages of your sires,
But that *ye* think clear, feel deep, bear fruit well,
The Friend of man desires."

RELIGION IN BY-WAYS OF THE WORLD.

SAN ANTONIO.

H. M. E.

We liked him because he was the patron saint of lovers and sailors, and as we had a hankering after good society, we were impressed by his position in the world, that of Colonel in the Brazilian army, with the pay and emoluments of the rank.* It was his feast day, and the odd Peruvian town was doing its best to make the celebration a creditable one. From early morning the bells in the yellow church tower had been ringing; the fort at the harbor mouth had been firing spasmodic salutes; and stolid Indians and mercurial half-breeds had been giving vent to their piety by exploding Chinese crackers about the church door. Religion, upon that west coast, always appears in a halo of fire-works.

Upon ordinary occasions, owing to the poverty of the community, the image of Saint Antonio that stood in the shrine of the adobe church, was one of the most disreputably attired objects in all the land; but it had been determined to furnish him with good clothes for his feast day, and although he had been so hard up all through the year, he should come out upon that occasion rigged like a duchess. A new gown trimmed with much tinsel had been provided for him, and each one who might have any little trinket contributed it to decorate the image for the parade. When the procession moved through the streets, in the tropical noon, one would hardly recognize the wax figure that he had seen only in the dark corner of the church, and about which ragged creatures would daily gather to say their prayers. The saint was quite gorgeous with his amber and glass beads, and the necklace of silver coins contributed by the lucky and pious possessors of those articles; and the village had never seen a finer sight than when he passed by upon the shoulders of bare-legged peons, with flapping banners about him, and with a canopy borne overhead, through which the blazing sunshine found its way and caused tears of wax to course down his grimy cheeks.

To the idly disposed traveler lounging about wherever there might be a bit of shade, the sight presented by the procession as it wound in and out of the narrow, crooked streets, was sufficiently curious. The colors worn by the motley crowd that trailed along with the image, the white gowns of the boys who carried the lighted candles, the black robes of the priests, the bright tawdry banners—all these grouped upon the yellow sand and under the blue, cloudless sky, formed a pleasing scene of life and color and motion. A discordant band played at the head of the procession; along the line of march a constant fusillade of fire-crackers was kept up; everyone who had a grievance of mind, body, or estate, put up his petition to the wax figure as it went by, and spared no pains to make himself heard. Every beggar and cripple for leagues about was on hand for assistance. Many of their appeals were exceedingly grotesque, but it was very touching to see mothers with sick children, crying to the saint for help in their distress. We trust that Antonio cured them all. God knows they needed his aid, for there was not a doctor other than the Chinese apothecary within a hundred miles of the place.

The service in the church was long and tiresome, the crowd was dense, the air was stifling. We got away from it, and went down to the sea-shore where the tide was coming in and the waves were lapping upon the beach. The bronze figures ran about the streets all the afternoon, shooting their fire-crackers; the beggars and cripples gathered on the church steps and howled and rent their rags; the musicians would tune up now and then and immediately proceed to set one's teeth on edge; the mud fort would bark spitefully at intervals. Towards sunset there was cock-fighting in the plaza; and later in the night the town was lighted with bonfires, and the entire stock of the Chinese apothecary's fireworks was purchased and burned upon the church tower; and through it all the crowds roared and shouted and the band played horrible discords. It was while this was going on that we slipped into the church and found Saint Antonio back again in his old quarters. The moon was swinging high above the mountains, and its light streamed in upon the well-worn pavement, and upon the saint in his shrine. His borrowed plumage had been stripped from him; his paltry ornaments had been carried away; he had his shabby old clothes on again, and he stood there solitary and alone, staring into the darkness, while through the open door came ringing the strident voice of some varlet who had set up a wheel of fortune in the square.

To the critical observer these ceremonies would doubtless appear mean and tawdry, and they might even be characterized by stronger words. In great cities where the feast may have been observed the saint's image had been loaded with silks and gold and jewels; but saint was never honored as was San Antonio upon that day, in the eyes of those simple people; gold never shone as did his tinsel, jewels never flashed as did his glass and amber beads. It was only a by-way of the world and a very poor one at that, but it did what it could for the saint, and according to the best of its lights. Its little display may have been quite as much to the purpose as that which may have swept at the same hour through the dim aisles of some old cathedral, for the difference was but in the expense and in the facilities afforded by the shops. To the ragged Indian the burning of cheap fireworks in the moonlit plaza was as grand a sight and as devout an act as would be the explosion of a whole mine of pyrotechnics to the robed prelate gazing upon the illuminated dome of St. Peters.

*Saint Antonio was borne for years upon the army roll of Brazil with the rank of Colonel, and his church regularly drew a Colonel's pay.

The poor old negro preacher was more than half right when he said, "Bredderin, if we could all see into our own hearts as God does, it would mos' skeer us to death."

CORRESPONDENCE.

ANNA RICHMOND.

The many benefactions of Mrs. Anna Richmond, of Providence, R. I., that have touched most tenderly and vitally the many interests which the readers of UNITY have at heart, make the announcement of her death as the tidings of a loss of a personal friend. A beloved sister she was in the sacred circle of earnest souls. Nay, a beloved sister she is in the holy fellowship of aspiring souls. We gladly make room for the following testimonial from our correspondent, her friend and pastor:—

She has been known for many years as a constant and liberal benefactor of the institutions and enterprises with which the Unitarian body is identified. Our struggling churches in the West and our missionaries who have borne the discouragements of frontier work in its new towns, have cause to remember her with sincere gratitude. Seldom, if ever, did they appeal to her in vain; nor did any cause of education or philanthropy fail to enlist her sympathy and draw from her generous support. Blessed with abundant means, she gladly used her income for the upbuilding of liberal institutions and churches. For ten long years a confirmed invalid, seldom leaving her room save for a short ride, and much of the time a great sufferer, she still kept herself informed of all plans and movements for the spread of our faith, and in her sick chamber seemed to be always alive to its interests and ready to respond to its claims.

She gave largely to Harvard College and Divinity School, to Antioch and Humboldt Colleges, to the support of the Divinity School at Meadville, to the endowment of the Girls' School at Greenfield, and to the work of the Unitarian Association. The poor and struggling Unitarian churches of Hungary awakened her sympathy, and for several years she has supported a teacher in their theological school. Indeed, to speak of her gifts to the Unitarian cause, would be to speak of every enterprise that has engaged our churches for many years.

Nor was her sympathy or her bounty confined within the limits of her own communion. She took great interest in the education of the colored people of the South, and the Hampton Institute, under the care of Gen. Armstrong, received large benefactions from her. Many schools for the colored people through the South and West were aided by her kindness, and no one who had the elevation of this long-despised race at heart but received her counsel and encouragement.

In her own city of Providence she has long been known as the generous helper of its institutions of education and benevolence. The free Public Library, the Union for Christian Work, the Ministry at large, and the varied charities to the poor and suffering, were aided by her constant munificence. A public drinking fountain on one of the principal streets, bearing the inscription, "Ho, every one that thirsteth," was erected and endowed by her as a perpetual source of refreshment to the people. By her direction it was so arranged that the dogs might partake of the flowing waters, as well as men. It will long speak to many passers by of her thoughtful kindness, though it does not bear the name of the donor.

Mrs. Richmond never gave from impulse, but only after careful investigation, from her own convictions of duty and rom an earnest love of doing good. She cared nothing for fashion or display. She spent little upon herself; she had no desire for notoriety in benevolence; but

> "Her heart was open as the day
> To melting charity"

wherever real suffering could be alleviated and good work done for the ignorant, the tempted and the degraded. From her sick chamber streams of helpful influence have gone forth these many years, reaching to the farthest limits of our country and over the sea; blessing the negro of the South and the pioneer of the West,—bearing a brighter Gospel to the lonely dwellers upon the prairie, and the light of a broader intelligence to the poor children of Italian cities and to the peasants of Hungary.

Dr. Hedge, her former pastor, and the revered friend of thirty years, spoke fitting words of her life and character at her funeral. He said that her criticism of his sermons and his preaching had been a real help to him; that she had a wonderfully clear and penetrating mind; that her judgment was comprehensive and just, and that her character was singularly refined and elevated.

When told that the end was near, her face lighted up with joy; she said, "Oh, glorious news!" and soon fell asleep as peacefully as an infant on its mother's breast, leaving behind a memory that not only children and children's children call blessed, but people of many different countries and races.

Well did quaint old Herbert say,

> "The religious actions of the just
> Smell sweet in death and blossom in the dust."

C. A. S.

IOWA LETTER.

DEAR UNITY: I would have many things to say to you, had I time to say them, and were I sure you could bear them.

Since I came to this outpost at the heart of the State, I have found evidence of the need of our precious faith: I have found those who rejoice in it, and those who have a longing for it. Those to whom this comes without their seeking, may not prize it as those who go far for it. We are often surprised at the apparent indifference of some on whom we count for much. "To whom much is given, of him shall much be required."

My duties here prevent, thus far, a very extended acquaintance outside of the city, since accepting the work in September last. I have withheld any report until I had time to come to some definite opinion of the prospects here. I now venture to say—First, that we have a few brave and generous friends of our cause in this city who are determined on success and are willing to wait a reasonable time and do a great deal of work to win. They know from experience that a reform like the one we attempt is of slow growth. It is not simply a reform in methods of religion, but it cuts to the very roots of dogmatic error and superstition. These friends have done nobly in whatever they have undertaken, and I trust are prepared to do still better. Socially they are a unit, but the nucleus of those ever ready and at their posts is yet small.

Secondly. There are many more who read the religious weather signals and keep a record of the probabilities of the wind. Is the *trade wind* likely to blow in the direction of a certain orthodox church? A ship must be kept in the wind to move, and if one has *worldly success* in view, he must be able to keep the prow of the ship slightly ahead so he can easily tack. He can do nothing in a head wind with an orthodox storm threatening. Too many persons, wholly skep-

tical of the truth of what is taught in the church they *patronize*, do not care enough for the subject to give themselves an hour of sober, honest thought, but take to visiting all the churches to find what minister is most to their taste, and if one does not happen to please when he is heard, they say, "He is not of our style." It would be amusing to see the *style* of minister some of these social inspectors of religious services would make if they could have the charge of our theological schools! I will attempt no description of him, for he is yet largely a person of the fancy and imagination. One thing is certain: those liberal Christians who are building the future church of the West are sober and earnest, they have consecrated themselves to a high and sacred duty.

"The New Issue," as indicated by that recent sermon by T. B. Forbush, is upon us and is accepted by every brave soul. Those who are unsatisfied with the old, and care little for the new, we would arouse to a living sense of the situation, and warn them of the moral dangers of religious indifference and an attempt to satisfy themselves with the husks and bran of what was once a living theology, but which is now left behind by the progress of every rational mind.

Again. We have much respect for those radicals who have thoroughly rejected the old systems of religious thought and are patiently seeking a better thing. They may be rash, as some of them are, they who refuse to accept the good things of the Bible, and cannot see its great value as now used by the Unitarians, as a history and record of the religious life of one people, and of the new departure and reform which was the beginning of Christianity. The English, once upon a time, in their iconoclastic spirit, not only broke the images of the saints, but also burnt cathedrals. Those venerable structures had no evil in them, and it would have been better certainly to have converted them into places of rational worship. This furor against the Bible is simply the reaction against Bible-worship, but the reasonable view of taking the Bible for what it is worth as a record of religious life and literature is yet to prevail. No one going forth to teach a free Gospel in this day can fail to find these several classes, but the prevailing mood with those who have recently rejected their orthodoxy is indifference to all religious organizations.

We recently visited Adair, sixty miles west of here, and held two services on a Sunday, where full houses greeted us, and those most nearly of our mind were prompt in the expression of their zeal, and guaranteed that we would soon be called again to preach or lecture. At Perry, thirty miles north of Des Moines, two lectures between Sundays were received with more than ordinary interest. The liberal people in these places are wholly unorganized, and the congregations represent all phases of opinion.

My lecture at Keokuk gave me an opportunity to hear of the fine work going on there under the leadership of the new minister,—Bro. E. S. Elder. The church there has had great losses by the deaths of its founders, but others are determined to keep the banner aloft. We expect good things from that church the next five years, and in the meantime we hope that Des Moines will wheel into the ranks and do valiant service. S. S. H.

Des Moines, Iowa, Feb. 7, 1881.

Travel at the West, and you are told in one place that here is the largest beer-vat "in the world;" in another, that here is the largest manufactory of tubs "in the world." The West always measures itself against "the world."—*E. E. Hale.*

NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

UNIVERSALISTS.—Rev. Sumner Ellis, whose one malady, according to the *Star and Covenant*, is "a longing and sighing for the æsthetics and east winds of Boston," is to supply the Universalist church at Cincinnati for six months.——This body has but three tiny articles in its creedlet, yet just now they are busy trying to fix up this.

WALES.—The Welshmen petition parliament for a Sunday Closing Bill, as it is called, which enacts that "in the Principality of Wales, all premises in which intoxicating liquors are sold or exposed for sale by retail shall be closed during the whole of Sunday." The *Unitarian Herald* thinks it may squeeze through.

INDIA.—The Year Book of the Brahmo Somaj gives one hundred and thirty of these theistic organizations with a membership ranging from three to three hundred.——The Methodists have recently held a camp meeting here, the exercises all being conducted in Hindustani. Eight hundred native Christians joining hands in the parting circle as a symbol of their oneness in Christ.

NEW YORK CITY.—We rejoice to learn through the columns of the *Free Religious Index* that at the recent annual meeting of the Ethical Culture Society (Felix Adler's) $18,000, out of the $50,000 necessary, were raised for the erection of a suitable building to carry on its work, and only one-tenth of the male members were present. The building is to contain kindergarden rooms, class rooms, offices, etc., as well as a hall for Sunday services.

THE PROPHETS THAT WERE STONED.—The students of Oxford have set on foot a movement to erect a monument for Shelley, on the spot on the Italian shore where his body was burned in 1822. Once this "Immortal Child" was expelled from Oxford for Atheism. Are they beginning to learn at Oxford that

> "There is more faith
> In honest doubt than half your creed."

NEW ORLEANS.—*The Picayune* of the 7th inst. comes to us with a sermon of John Williams, pastor of the Unitarian church in that far-off and lonely outpost, on "George Eliot, Her Early Life and Rank as a Religious Teacher." We have read sympathetically everything that has come to the editorial table concerning this great soul since its translation, and we have seen nothing superior to this in ethical insight and literary grasp of the subject. He says that although she was the translator of both Strauss and Feurbach, "in vain shall we look for a single sentence in any one of her novels, in which the principles of those two great German free-thinkers are applied with a view to change the theological belief of her readers. All that bears on the best and purest spirit of Christianity, as found in the New Testament, such as pure self-sacrifice, forgetfulness of self, duty to the common humanity, George Eliot fully accepts. * * The rank I give George Eliot as a religious teacher is indicated when I say no nobler words have been spoken to humanity since the great Master-Teacher. * *" We understand that owing to climatic causes, Mr. Williams retires from his present field the 1st of April next. We hope to find a place for him in our Western Fellowship.

THE JOURNAL.—Our sober cotemporary *The Journal*, published in Philadelphia, does not adhere to the monotonous standards it exacts of its readers. The cut of their garments are supposed to be unchangeable, but this Quaker paper has taken on a jaunty new suit throughout. More ample and in every way more modern, but the editor insists in its prospectus that its course will be not changed, which statement insures us that it will be in the future, as in the past, among the most respected of our visitors at the "Exchange Table."

HYDE PARK, MASS.—This society, with its new pastor, Rev. A. J. Rich, is getting upon its feet. The church and Sunday School have been thoroughly organized, and both have more than doubled since the new regime came into operation. From having gone behind-hand the previous two years one thousand dollars in running expenses, notwithstanding the society received five hundred dollars from the A. U. A., the society now pays its bills, and sent word last Fall to the A. U. A. "not to send any more money, as we do not need it." The prospects are that they shall soon be able to help other churches, having already sent $120 to Mr. Shippen.

A CONSTRUCTIVE "NO."—*Manford's Magazine* for February contains a careful, critical sermon by Bro. Douthit on Water Baptism. It is an elaborate denial of the common Baptist and "Campbellite" interpretation of this rite. It is thoroughly destructive and a fine illustration of what is ungenerously called negative preaching with which, when applied to some other sectarian doctrines, our Shelbyville apostle himself has little sympathy. But practically, in common with every other earnest champion of a larger truth, he finds at times that N-o is the most emphatic way of spelling yes. Disprove the smaller proposition and the larger one is asserted.

MICHIGAN.—The Unitarian Society at Grand Haven, at its annual meeting made two very wise resolutions—viz, 1. To retain S. W. Sample as their pastor another year. 2. To build a church next summer. Hon. Dwight Cutler is chairman of the building committee, which means "business." And they did another good thing—subscribed most of the ministers' salary for the year on the spot.——The Manistee movement has settled into a year's experiment. Rev. J. H. Thompson, of Syracuse, is to nurse the babe, and we see a package of "Unity Hymns and Chorals" at our elbow marked for that destination. They go as assistant missionaries to this cause.

EPISCOPALIAN.—A joint committee, representing the clergy and laity, have held their first session in New York for the "liturgical enrichment" of the Prayer Book—but one of their rules declares that "no alterations should be made touching either statements or standards of doctrine in the Church." This reminds us of—

> "Mother, may I go out to swim?
> Oh yes, my darling daughter,
> Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
> But don't go near the water."

Charles Lamb suggested to Coleridge that he might improve his conversations by occasional flashes of silence. We know of no better way to enrich the liturgy of the Episcopal Church than by introducing "flashes of silence" concerning the antique doctrines that have dropped out of the convictions of so many in pulpits and pews.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Prosperity seems to make glad all the activities of the Liberal Faith in this city. At the present time St. Paul's church (Universalist) and the Third Unitarian are buoyant since the leaden fetters of debt have been cast off. Unity church, with its new pastor, is radiant over the weekly increase of rentals. The Church of the Messiah is happy without a single sensation. Bro. Herford is, we suppose, hoping to add to the Christian graces which are already realized in his parishes, the severe sobriety and stolid fortitude of Islam by a course of five Sunday evening lectures on "Mohammed and Mohammedanism." Prof. Swing and Dr. Thomas continue to attract their weekly throngs, while UNITY and the headquarter interest at 75 Madison street are about to ——, but wait till next time. It is a little too good to tell this time.

THE STUDY TABLE.

THE CRITIC. Volume I., Number 1. American News Co.; 10 cts.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. February. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $4.00 per annum.

THE UNITARIAN REVIEW. February. Geo. H. Ellis, Boston. $3.00 per annum.

THE DIAL. February. Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago. $1 per annum.

WHAT DO UNITARIANS BELIEVE? By Mrs. C. R. James, Pastor of First Ecclesiastical Society, Brooklyn Conf. pph. Published by the author.

SKETCHES AND REMINISCENCES OF THE RADICAL CLUB. By Mrs. John T. Sargent. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston. pp. 418. $2.00.

BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS. By Alfred Tennyson. Jas. R. Osgood & Co., Boston. pp. 112. 50 cts.

SIX DISCUSSIONS before the Second Congregational Society of Leicester, Mass., by Samuel B. Weston, with an appendix containing extract from the Southgate Mill and the Decision of Committee of Reference.

LITERARY NOTES.

Gerald Massey is about to publish the first two volumes of an elaborate work entitled "A Book of Beginnings." These volumes will concern themselves concerning Egyptians, origin of language, religion, myths, etc.——Harper Brothers have issued a new volume of sermons of the lamented F. W. Robertson, a man whose insight and high spirituality prohibits any sectarian label. He was pre-eminently a member of the church universal and his sermons are breathings of the better life.——Tennyson has a new drama entitled "The Cup."——John Fiske's "Who are the Aryans?" in the February *Atlantic*, and Chadwick's "Church Building in the Middle Ages," together with President Livermore's article on "Prohibition," are to be included among the important magazine contributions of the month.—*The Critic*; one more venture in the domain of popular literary criticism, starts out with good promise. It has a portrait of Wm. Blake, and a notice of him by E. C. Stedman, and other interesting matter.

SELECTIONS FROM FENELON. Wisdom Series. Roberts Bros., Boston. 1879. pph. 194. 50,

This little volume of "Selections" is culled, chiefly, from the writings of Fenelon translated by Mrs. H. L. Sidney Lear and published in London. It is prefaced by a short but admirable memoir of this remarkable man.

Methods change, expression takes on new form, thought is born into larger life, but the experience of the soul is the same in all ages. Here we have the true unity; a language that reaches backward as well as forward. Men and women have always loved and hated, been glad and sorrowful, have sinned and suffered, and so these words of tender counsel, that have been strength and comfort to perplexed souls of all beliefs for two hundred years, are as sweet and helpful now

as if they had been written for the tried and yearning souls of to-day. F. L. R.

MUSIC STUDY IN GERMANY. From the Home Correspondence of Amy Fay. Edited by the author of "Co-operative House-keeping." Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago; pp. 348; $1.25.

The make-up of this little book is in the usual attractive style of its publishers, Jansen, McClurg & Co.,—bright, pretty covers, and plain, clear type.

A young lady studying music in Germany, naturally through the medium of the mails, opens her heart to friends at home. Must it be uncovered to the world? Doubtless to those friends these gossipy, personal letters possess "a charm of style" worth preserving, but it is hardly essential that the public should be informed that "Berlin dressmakers are abominable," or that she drank wine on occasions to an excess that she didn't "dare to think of." We weary of the monotony of descriptions of German Professors of Music; of being told that one "composes like an angel," that his compositions are "perfectly lovely," or that another is a "heavenly musician." Extravagances of expression may not shock the good taste of an intimate friend, but the public ought not to be so indulgent a critic. "The cadenza is tough, I tell you. That is the worst of these concertos. There is always a grand cadenza, where you must play all alone and make a splurge." Miss Fay has the demoralizing faculty of exaggeration. She speaks of one of the Professors as an "enormous artist," finds a flock of birds "awfully cunning." She "sleeps like a log," and seldom walks, but "rushes." If one knows how to skim judiciously, the cream, what little there is of it, may be obtained with little labor. F. B. C.

WASHINGTON SQUARE. By Henry James, Jr., Harper & Brothers, New York. pp. 260. $1.25.

Washington Square is the latest work of Henry James, Jr., but it is not his best. That it lacks a striking plot, inspiring incidents or romantic adventure, is not surprising; for these, from previous acquaintance with the author, we had no reason to expect. It is as a student of human nature, an interpreter of inner life and habit of thought, a delineator of character, that Mr. James charms his readers and has become one of the most popular of living authors. What we complain of here is that he has seen fit to take a group of such commonplace and uninteresting individuals that they are not worth the trouble of making the acquaintance.

The heroine, Catherine Sloper, is a pachyderm, without personal charms or graceful accomplishments, prosaic and dull to such a degree that even her virtues, honesty and constancy fail to excite our enthusiasm.

Exactly what is the purpose of the book it is difficult to say. It is one of the few instances among Mr. James' writings where all the characters are Americans. In his treatment of his daughter, Dr. Sloper is a very good representative of the average American parental method, and he is likewise the most interesting character in the book. Catherine Sloper is as demurely conventional as Daisy Miller was shockingly the reverse, yet improper Daisy calls forth our affection in a manner quite impossible to the proper Catherine.

Is it quite impossible for Mr. James to depict an American girl who shall be neither stupid nor trifling? A. B. M'M.

JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET, PEASANT AND PAINTER. Translated by Helena De Kay, from the French of Alfred Sensier. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co., 1881; pp. 230.

A brave struggle with poverty, adverse criticism, and ridicule. A peasant himself, loving every inch of his native ground with a passionate love, but loving *man* more, and feeling his great tender heart throb with pity for the uncomplaining suffering around him. Millet painted the rudest scenes of peasant life with uncompromising sincerity,—in order that "people might think of the man who gains his bread by the sweat of his brow;" a new and startling choice of subjects, which repelled the class to whom he had to look for his support,—but he never faltered in his task. For twenty years he and his felt the pinch of direst want. Often he knew not where to look for food or fuel for his little ones. His own home, like his father's, was one of simple, unaffected tenderness, mingled with deep religious feeling, such as are scattered all through the provinces of France. "He spoke with a tenderness unknown to unmarried men, of home, children, and the domestic hearth." His love of Nature was subdued by an awe which was almost fear. "The glory of God dwelling upon the heights,"—"the sadness of field and wood" in winter,—"the treasures of the snow,"—"the unspeakable beauty of the frost,"—all filled his heart and soul with blessedness. "When his foot touched the earth he was strengthened and consoled." It was not till the brush was falling from his weary hand, and the swift approach of Death had covered him with its shadow, that the tide turned, and Millet's genius received the reward so dear to the heart of every Frenchman—the cross of the Legion of Honor. His pictures, which had vainly sought a purchaser, when finished were sold, even before he died, for thousands of dollars. He was quiet and self-restrained in his poverty: in his prosperity he was unmoved either by pride or vanity. E. B. G.

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE." Exercises for the use of the Sunday School at the "New Chapel," Brooklyn, N. Y. Prepared by its Superintendent. pp. 39. 25 cts.

"Noblesse Oblige" may not be the best Service Book for Liberal Schools yet made; but in one direction it is a prophecy, hinting better than any other book what the best will be when it comes, and in another direction it shows a practical device in admirable application. It opens, too, a general question that needs discussion by Liberals. UNITY gives the little book a special welcome, therefore. This is high praise, but is exactly meant. A Service of Worship is a high form of art; and to say that one attempting it has made comparatively little use of Bible phraseology,—thus largely discarding the help of hallowed association,—and yet has done well, is to say that a real worshipper and an original artist has been at work. If his work carries, as we think this does, signs of being *early* art, we may hope for something nobler still from the same heart and hand.

Mr. Potts, the author, is himself the superintendent of a Sunday School,—that of Mr. Chadwick's church in Brooklyn, N. Y. His Services have borne the test of use in that school. He starts with three aims in view:—

(1) The first is to impress the child with "those ideas of man's higher relations which are in closest accordance with the best thought of the time;" and to secure the ideas from being those of yesterday, he uses the phrases not of yesterday but of to-day. For him this means that he is filled to the rims of his mind with Theism, but scrupulously shuns the "extrinsic anthropomorphism" of common Theism,—this to prevent the child in its spiritual education from being stamped with a theology that is only outgrown with difficulty. His is the faith of Science,—of Science owning the deep delight of reverence and proclaiming urgently the Happy Law of Righteousness and Helpfulness. The name of the book

"Noblesse Oblige," is the keynote sounding through it all. The shortest way to indicate its character is to index, as it were, the contents of the Services,—there are but six of them:—

I. The wonderful Universe; we, the heirs of all the ages; our part, to carry forward the unfinished work.

II. The miracle of Nature; we, bound to be a part of its divine order.

III. Home, Country, and the Earth that is to be; our part in each.

IV. Spring-time.

V. The One Infinite Life; Harvest-time; our part as laborers.

VI. The Universe, and Man within it.

The faiths here implied are worded simply yet poetically; not every phrase being of the best, but no phrase jars, and very many sentences are both beautiful and strong. In this successful truthfulness lies the prophecy of the book: but here the general question opens,—which we venture to discuss a little in another column, presenting the side which our author so strongly renounces. (See page 380.)

(2) Our author's second wish in his Services is to let the read responses constantly break into song,—and here comes in the practical device noted above: to this end he has found or written many verses himself to fit the special niches, setting them to well-known tunes in "Sunny Side," or to tunes otherwise familiar. There is no printed music in his book, but any School using "Sunny Side" can use the book with little difficulty. This implies much less attention to his music than to his words, on Mr. Potts' part; but it saves a School much trouble and expense, and secures in the songs both principles of an interesting form of worship,—"association" and "novelty." In the new hymns and verses some lines are made, not born; but many of them are spirited and musical, carrying nobly noble meanings. We borrowed a Christmas Song called "Noblesse Oblige" for the last UNITY,—where, by the way, through mistake, it slipped in under the head of "Contributed Articles."

(3) His third aim has been to press every child in his school into the Service; and this he does by dividing the Responses among the "Right," the "Left," "All," the "Assistant" and the "Superintendent." Also by now and then having the "Infant Class" sing a verse by themselves, or several classes take separate lines in a song. A school must needs be all alive under such an arrangement. It must require practice, too. But the Brooklyn children's new interest in their Service is perhaps the best answer to the natural wonder whether it is not broken up into too many fragments for good and harmonious effect.

All our Sunday School workers who are looking for a richer form of worship had better send twenty-five cents for a specimen copy of "Noblesse Oblige" to Wm. Potts, 272 De Graw St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The book is printed for private use; but if orders for 500 copies accumulate, the author could furnish them from the plates, in quantities, at about $10.00 per hundred. We hope he will go on and give us in due time a Part II., containing at least ten or twelve new Services. Eighteen are none too many in a book of this kind which is to last.

W. C. G.

It allays comes into my head when I'm sorry for folks, and feel as I can't do a power to help 'em, not if I was to get up i' the middle o' the night—it comes into my head as Them above has got a deal tenderer heart nor what I've got—for I can't be anyways better nor Them as made me; and if anything looks hard to me, it's because there's things I don't know on; and for the matter o' that, there may be plenty o' things I don't know on, for it's little as I know—that it is.—*George Eliot.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

"UNITY" SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.—SERIES VI.

Published by "Unity," Room 57, 75 Madison St, Chicago, Ill.

THEODORE PARKER,

AND THE LIBERAL MOVEMENT IN AMERICA.

BY R. ANDREW GRIFFIN.

(The references are mainly to Frothingham's "Life of Parker," under the abbreviation "Life;" and to Parker's "Discourse of Religion," Putnams' edition, under the abbreviation "D. o. R.")

Lesson IV.

THE QUIET PASTORATE.

1. The Parish.

He was ordained June 21, 1837, over the church at West Roxbury, a suitable rather than an eminent position, a place where he could be both student and pastor; able to heed alike the counsel Dr. Francis gave at his ordination not to neglect his studies, and the prayer of Mr. Ware: "May his fondness for peculiar studies never divert him from doing Thy work."

The parish consisted of some sixty families, many of them hard-working rural folk; others were cultivated people used to wealth. "It was a new world to Theodore, born and bred in poverty." (*Life*, p. 90.) It was a fair type of the New England Unitarian parish,—the orderly, reliable, self-centred, patient, intelligent community, banded together for the promotion of morality and piety, not an ecclesiastical club for the gratification of the love of eloquence and social tastes, nor a lyceum for the popularizing of novel information.

2. The Parsonage.

Here was the young wife married April 10th of the same year.

(*a*) *See the rules the husband laid down for himself.* How human the best men seem when we know them well! With all his strength of character and depth of love, he finds it necessary to resolve "never to scold," "never to look cross at her," "to promote her piety," etc. (*Life*, p. 87.) We are in most danger of inferior conduct at home,[1] and towards those we love best, because of the freedom and intimacy of domestic life. A saint at home will be a saint anywhere.

(*b*) *Presentiments.* Said he, "Sad presentiments sometimes spread their shadows over my path; but I know that two souls made one by love, and realizing that union, laugh at time and space, and live united forever." (*Life*, p. 86.)

No amount of foresight or preparation for the future can render unnecessary the spirit of simple trust in God. Our hearts must be moored to heaven, for we can find no certain anchorage in the future.

(*c*) *Daily life.* He was indeed a busy man, not very conscious of his clerical rank; to vary Pope a little, "A tun of man, a kilderkin of priest," now working in the garden and the barn, talking of "bullocks, pigs, grapes, strawberries," and all things specially interesting to bucolic ears, always carrying in his pocket a rule and compass. Then greeting all sorts of friends with boisterous welcome, making the house alive with mirth, jocosity and gladness in all its forms; unconventional and hearty rather than ceremonious and fas-

tidious; specially fond of bookish people, those capable of discussing theological and philosophical problems.

3. **The Study.**

Books everywhere,—of all sorts,—constantly added to. He said that he read them all, and could give a table of contents for each one.[2] Here were books seen nowhere else in the land, except in the hands of the most erudite and speculative Unitarian scholars; the foxes, our Samson was destined to send, with flaming brands of aggressive eloquence, into the ranks of New England culture and orthodoxy. Here were the most radical statements of German and French thought. Parker remained for some time a cautious and reluctant student of the new views; indeed, he never wholly abandoned himself to them, never endorsed rationalism in its ultimate, baldest form. At this time he recoiled from Richter's doubt of immortality, and retained to the last a sense of God, which he owed to his Christian heritage,[3] which was not in harmony with his philosophy. Indeed, his biographer says, "The intensity of his faith in Providence and of his assurance of personal immortality seems almost fanatical to modern men who sympathize in general with his philosophy." (*Life*, p. 566.)

4. **The Pulpit.**

(*a*) Here he stood, grave, earnest, judicious, the mantle of his predecessor upon him. He sought to realize the traditional congregational, clerical spirit, to be pastor[4] in its fullest sense. A soul-physician—who converged all speech and action to one aim, whether in public or private, whether as a patriot, a townsman, or as a clergyman, viz: the highest welfare of his people.

(*b*) Beneath the old-time guise, the new voice began to speak, and impressed the speaker with the power and interest with which it invested his sermons. As he said, "I preach abundant heresies[5] and they all go down, for the listeners know not how heretical they are. * * * But men's faces looked like fires new stirred thereat."

Preachers at the time of an intellectual revival have an immense advantage. There is the excitement of the quest of truth, an excitement which cannot be long maintained by its possession. As one thinker said, "If I hold truth captive in my hand, I should open my hand and let it fly, in order that I might again pursue and capture it," which led another to say, "Did the Almighty, holding in his right hand Truth, and in his left, Search after Truth, deign to tender me the one I might prefer,—in all humility, but without hesitation I should request *Search after Truth.*" But the great thing is being, not knowing,—being, through knowing. When we find God, the discovery will cease to thrill us sooner or later, unless we act aright by the new truth; that is, we should worship. Truth is not merely to be looked at, acknowledged, praised,—but obeyed. He who finds a truth that does not involve duty is like one who finds money he can't spend! The new gospel of Liberalism will excite the best indoctrinated churches less and less, as they apply it.

5. **Monday Moods.**

But the limited routine and unvarying rhythm of rural society taxed his patience sometimes, and the depression of excessive study and oratorical exaltation showed itself in doubts of his usefulness, as in the passage (*Life*, p. 95) in which he speaks of "going about talking tattle with old women, giving good advice to hypocrites," etc. He knew how to cure these moods, was a vigorous pedestrian, going long journeys afoot. He walked once from New York to Boston, making thirty miles a day. Call up the old story of Antæus, the giant wrestler, who as long as he stood on the ground was invincible. They might hurl him down, but the stronger he rose. At last Hercules overcame him, lifting him up and crushing him in the air. Better study-life—better church-life—better inward life, if we keep up manly exercise and frequent intercourse with wood and stream. Even Jacob got the blessing with the smell of the fields on him.

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1. *Happy Marriage.* The most important factor is mutual respect. Lovers should ask themselves, Do I respect the object of my affections? Is he or she the sort of being that I could love if beauty, health and possessions were gone? Tell the story of the soldier who was engaged to a beautiful and accomplished young lady; how he came back from the wars, limbless, scarred in face, an unsightly trunk; how he sent her a release from their engagement; how she sent back her assurance that, if *he* lived, she could do no other than love him, whatever misfortunes had befallen, and the greater these were, the more anxious was she to be with him.

2. *On forming a private library.* Our books should be read before they are shelved,—they should be the authorities for our opinions,—the supplement of memory. As the lawyer to the client, so books to the mind, the means of verifying our facts.

3. *Christian Heritage.* No man can wholly cut himself off from the past. An Englishman can no more think like a Chinaman than an apple-tree can bear pears. We are all borne on a great historic current, beyond all individual self-conscious opinion. The mind, like the body, has a complexion, a gait, a cast of features it cannot disguise or disown. Christ, the Church, have affected and do affect us. Let us gratefully recognize their influence, even if we think we have transcended their attainments.

4. *The Ideal Ministry,* not simply instructive and entertaining, but also paternal and reverential, seeking to be edifying rather than popular. The true minister should be a spiritual nurse, ready to give the food best suited to his charge.

5. *Heresy.* Words change like creeds. *Heresy* meant, choosing for one's self. *Miscreant* meant, unbeliever. *Pragmatic,* diligent in business. *Lewd,* laic. *Parson,* person. The real heresy is anything false to reality, a truth deceitfully presented, or trivial truths unduly emphasized.

THE INFANT CLASS.

KATE S. HAMLIN.

I believe that no one teacher can lay out a plan of work which another may successfully follow. Ideas and suggestions may be interchanged and may prove of great assistance; but each individual teacher must put more or less of her own originality into whatever plan she may make or adopt. I do not wish to be understood, in presenting my method, as doing so in the belief that it is the best method, or that it might even be called good, compared with many others. It has, however, proved to be the most satisfactory in my own class and with my own peculiarities and limitations, of any which I had previously tried, and I willingly consent to give it to the readers of UNITY.

I am favored in being allowed by the superintendent and other officers of the school with which I am connected, to manage my department exactly as I choose. I am restricted in no sense. If I feel the need of new books for the library, of lesson or reward cards for the little ones, I always feel at liberty to make such purchases as I realize are needed, and the Sunday School kindly and generously meets any such expenses that I may incur. I believe that this freedom which is granted me in every way, and the hearty assistance which I receive whenever I have occasion to ask for it, is at the foundation of any little success that I may have achieved. I certainly could not have worked heartily without them. Any teacher who is restricted cannot do what she would otherwise be capable of doing. At no time have I felt obliged to carry out pet hobbies of minister or superintendent, but have gone

on in my own way. The first thing I asked, and asked decidedly, was that I might have for the Infant Class, although it was small, a room apart from the Sunday School room, and that it should be suitably furnished with low settees, blackboard, and other necessary articles. Through the kindness of members of the Sunday School I was able to purchase a number of bright child pictures and mottoes with which to ornament the walls. It seems to me that even in a very small school the little children will be far happier, and the teacher will be able to do far more for them, if she can have them apart from the older scholars and classes.

We always join the whole school in the opening service, and it is with pleasure that I say here we have used for the past few months the UNITY services, and although we have been through them all several times, I think no one has become tired of them,—and I am sure a hearty welcome will be given to the second series of services when it shall have been issued. At the close of the opening exercises the Infant Department adjourns to its own room. Once there, the children seem at home, and I myself feel that *our* Sunday School is just beginning. Coats are unbuttoned, tippets are untied, and books laid aside. When the children are in order they repeat after me the lines of a little verse in the form of a prayer. Although the older ones know it and could say it by themselves, I have learned by experience that it is better to say it, phrase by phrase, and allow them to say it after me. It helps the little ones who are not apt to come regularly, and who therefore forget from time to time. After that they sing one or more verses of some simple hymn from the *Sunny Side*, —"Singing from the Heart," "I Asked a Rivulet to Tell," and "Open the Door for the Children" being among their favorite ones. The collection is then taken up, and when the pennies are put into my hands I always let the children add them up, to see how many they have given me. It varies the exercises, and I find they enjoy it. Last Sunday being the first Sunday in the month, their contribution was to go to the "Children's Mission" in Boston. There was a chance, and I improved it, to tell them, as I have often done before, something about the "Mission," and to tell them how much the little sum they had contributed, would do. It was but a small amount, but when they saw that there was enough to buy a pretty picture-book for some little boy or girl who perhaps had none, or breakfasts for four or five hungry children, there was a smile of pleasure on their faces, and for a moment they seemed to realize that there was joy in giving as well as in receiving. Sometimes a child has something he wishes to say, and I always let him say it. Often it has nothing to do with Sunday School. It may be simply that "I have a new sled," or "I went to school last week," or "I have a baby sister at home," or it is something that the child has seen,—and I think a teacher never loses anything by devoting a few minutes of the hour to a closer acquaintance with her children. It may interfere with the lesson she has planned, but no matter if it does; the lesson of the moment is often a *live* one, while the lesson she has prepared becomes, under the influence of the moment, dead. It has often happened that the most profitable lessons were those of which I had never thought until some chance word suggested them at the time.

As to what the nature of the lesson for the little ones shall be, there is a diversity of opinion. I have tried various methods and find that my best work is done in giving all the children the same lesson, and then, when it is learned, I make that the text of a talk to them. In my experience this gives a *unity* to each Sunday's lesson which is not gained by requiring of the children the recitation of verses all differing from each other. I find, however, that other teachers are successful in interesting their children by giving them different verses; they like the variety. So, after all, it depends on the teacher's way of putting the lesson, undoubtedly, as to what special method is the best for her to adopt.

After the lesson there is the exchange of books and the distribution of "merits" (for I always give those to the children, and then when they have four they return them to me and I give them a picture or reward card). Order and quiet are required, a little prayer is repeated, and school is dismissed.

THE EXCHANGE TABLE.

TRIBUTE TO LUCRETIA MOTT.

From the Friends Intelligencer.

Some human lives seem blended all of gloom.
Bitter as Marah—sown with doubts and fears—
Death gathers into sheaves of blasted ears,
And burns to ashes in the fire of doom.

And some seem blent of sunshine, brief but fair
As days in April bound about with frost.
The budding promise withers and is lost,
And all the summer dips toward despair.

But this great woman fell on fruitful days.
They ran through all the seasons of her life—
Childhood and youth, and then the happy wife
And gracious mother all her children praise.

Steadfast in duty, high and wide of thought,
Loyal in friendship, tender in her love,
Pure in her heart as those who dwell above,
Herself the ensample of the truth she taught.

Farewell, dear friend, this world, so long thy home,
Is richer for thy presence and thy grace.
Blessed are they who with thee see God's face;
Blessed art thou who to thine own hast come.

—*Robert Collyer.*

THE JEWISH CHRONICLE gives the following as the creed of Garibaldi, quoting his own language: "I adhere in everything to Monotheism, whose aim is the worship of truth, and of the fraternity of nations."

GOLDEN RULE.—A New York pastor has had a dream in which he was hitched to a carriage stuck in the mud. He was surprised to find that, notwithstanding his entire congregation seemed to be pushing behind, he could not draw ahead. So he went to examine. But behold! he could not find a person. However, on opening the carriage door, he found deacons and all quietly sitting inside.

"I had a dream; it was not all a dream."

THE INDEX.—The Milwaukee correspondent of this paper, describing the various literary and art clubs of that city, says: "The 'Fortnightly Club' is an older and more conservative organization. It is a picked society with a membership limited to sixty gentlemen, who meet for mutual pleasure and profit, and read papers, followed by discussion upon any and every topic, not excepting theology. It is radical in the free expression of opinion, but conservative in the rigid exclusion of women from membership. This club has latterally been courteous enough to extend to ladies an invitation to attend the meetings, listen to the papers, and join, if they please, in the discussion. This courtesy is, however, regarded in the light of the old-time chivalry by the ladies of Milwaukee, and not as a recognition of their ability or of the rank they now take in science, art and literature. Therefore, they do not respond to the gallant invitation of the club very generally or very cordially." Why not accept the situation gracefully? As it stands it seems that the gentlemen have the advantage, even in point of courtesy.

THE UNITARIAN HERALD.—In an address before the Unitarian Home Missionary Board in Manchester, England, Rev. W. Harrison tells of an old minister in the United States "who was a very good preacher, but only bore an indifferent character, who said every church ought to have three minis-

ters, one to preach, one to visit, and another to set a good example." The same paper congratulates England that it is not a novel-reading country. Of last year's publications, 5,708 in number, there were 580 novels, against 975 Theological and Biblical works. "The fact that nearly one-fourth of the publications for the year were more or less educational, intended for the young; that works on science and history exceeded in number the novels issued; and that the distinctly religious still heads the list, ought to convince us that England is not deteriorating, but that the reading public, on the whole, choose their publications wisely."

HARPER'S MONTHLY.—Friends of Thackeray will appreciate this bit of a story, told by F. H. Underwood in an article on James Russell Lowell: "The thought of grief for the death of an imaginary person is not quite so absurd as it might appear. One day while the great novel of 'The Newcomes' was in course of publication, Lowell, who was then in London, met Thackeray on the street. The novelist was serious in manner, and his looks and voice told of weariness and affliction. He saw the kindly inquiry in the poet's eyes, and said, 'Come into Evans's, and I'll tell you all about it. *I have killed the Colonel.*' So they walked in and took a table in a remote corner, and then Thackeray, drawing the fresh sheets of MS. from his breast-pocket, read through that exquisitely touching chapter which records the death of Colonel Newcome. When he came to the final *Adsum*, the tears which had been swelling his lids for some time trickled down his face, and the last word was an almost inarticulate sob."

THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER.—"Rev. Robert Collyer writes to the *Christian Life* to deny the story that seventeen persons gave up their pews in the Church of the Messiah in consequence of a sermon he preached about 'A Man Who Lied For His Party.' * * * It would have been a very curious thing, indeed, if there had been any trouble in this particular connection, because the discourse in question was a nice, safe, easy-going old production I have had by me this many a year, revamped to fit an occasion, and with some things added which seemed true to the day. I met a very capital Episcopal rector (he reads my books) on the morning after it was preached. He had seen the report, and said, with a fine laugh, 'You have been giving them hash, I see.' 'Well, don't tell,' I answered. 'Nobody knows save you and me,' which he promised on the spot. That sermon, by the way, seems destined to be getting itself into a mischief. It is not very long since two young gentlemen, curates in the Church of England, came to drink tea with us; and one of them said, 'I was in a church at the west of London last summer, and heard a sermon from such a text, which, as it seemed rather curious, I remembered very well indeed. Then I happened on a book of yours, and found the same discourse in it, I think word for word. Now, to which of you shall I ascribe the original, sir?' * * * One of us stole that sermon, as sure as the day; and the queer thing is how a discourse against falsehood should be forever turning up as the father of lies."

THE MONTHLY REGISTER, of the Philadelphia Society for Organizing Charity, contains a letter from Miss Octavia Hill of London, who can put the essence of the "New Charity" into words, having first become famous by putting it into a great London deed. She writes: "Tell your fellow-workers from me, will you? how much interested I am to hear of what they have done and are doing. I am satisfied that visiting, such as I gather you have established, which brings those of different classes into real friendly relations, must in time help to raise those who are fallen low in any sense of the word: from wealth, little can be hoped; from intercourse everything. That is to say, everything we have to give seems to communicate itself to those we love and know; if we are true we make them truthful; if faithful, full of faith; if earnest and energetic, earnest and energetic: while they give to us whatever they excel in,—patience, energy, hope, industry. It is only a gradual process, but is a sure one. Human intercourse, in God's own mercy, seems appointed to be the influence strongest of all for moulding character. What we strongly desire to see those we work among become, what we ourselves struggle to be, that or something nearer to it, in time, they will be; and as poverty, drunkenness, dirt, and many other outward evils, spring from character, so we can only *really* teach them by moulding character: first our own, and then insensibly and gradually those of our friends, poor or rich, and submitting in turn to learn from them in all in which they are greater or better than we. Thus, and thus only, can we help one another; and your systems and our systems are valuable just in so far as they bring loving and helpful people among those who suffer or sin, and enable the different powers developed in different classes of people to tell on one another. From the beginning of the world it has been so, and we shall find no other way to save and to help. What we *are* in our homes, our shops, our markets, our schools, our whole lives, that we shall be among our poor. You who seem to have succeeded in developing regular visiting to a great extent, may be happy in remembering that it means the human intercourse, help, and friendliness which will lighten, cheer and purify many a home. I am sure you will scorn all systems if ever they become mere routine, and will feel that each visitor is bound to throw into the regular work the utmost amount of fire and heart; that your wisdom must be penetrated with tenderness, and your mercy far-seeing in its wisdom."

IT MAY BE YOUR TURN NEXT.

From the Boston Evening Gazette.

Judge not too harshly, O, my friend,
Of him your fellow-man,
But draw the veil of charity
About him if you can.
He once was called an honest man,
Before some trial vexed—
He stepped from out the narrow way—
It may be your turn next.

You heard, one day, a single word
Against a person's name;
O, bear it not from door to door
To further hurt his fame.
If you're the man you claim to be,
Remember then the text,
To "Speak no evil," true or false—
It may be your turn next.

The world is bad enough, we own,
And may need still more light;
Yet, with true love to all, may be
Help in the cause of right.
Let up the sinful and the weak,
The soul by care perplexed,
Well knowing that to drink the gall
It may be your turn next.

SCRIPTURES, OLD AND NEW.

COMPILED BY F. L. H.

CHILDREN AND CHILDHOOD.

[v. Mary Howitt's poem "Little Children": Wordsworth's Ode on Immortality: Whittier's "Barefoot Boy."]

And they brought to him infants also, that he might touch them; and the disciples, on seeing it, rebuked them. But Jesus called them to him, saying, Suffer the little children to come to me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein.—(*Luke xviii.*)

At that time the disciples came to Jesus, saying, Who then is greatest in the kingdom of heaven? And Jesus called a little child to him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Whosoever shall humble himself as this child, he is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name, receiveth me. Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you that their angels in heaven do always behold the face of my Father who is in heaven.—(*Matt. xviii.*) —*New Testament.*

When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things. (*I. Cor. xiii.*) Brethren do not become children in understanding; yet in malice be ye children, but in understanding be men.
—(*Do. xiv.*) *Paul.*

Then shall the wolf dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; the lion shall eat straw like the ox, the cow and the bear shall feed together; together shall their young lie down, the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Eternal, as the waters cover the depths of the sea. —*Isaiah.* (*8th cent. B. C.*)

The truly great man is he who does not lose his child-heart.
—*Mencius.* (*Chinese, d.* 313 *B. C.*)

The world is saved by the breath of the school-children.
—*Talmud.*

The hope of humanity, the promise of the world to come on this planet, rests in the children. . The great hope is always in the new birth. . All posterity stands before us in the presence of the children now in their cradles. . . We must welcome little children when they come to us as the fresh presence of God in the world—the new creation on which, and in which, the whole future of the world rests in the love and grace of God. —*Robert Collyer.* (*The Life That Now Is.*)

If both World and Church will only learn what the child's simple presence may teach, instead of teaching what he cannot innocently learn, the truth may dawn upon them, that he seldom requires to be led,—only not to be *misled*. A reform in the nursery will change the creed of Christendom. —*James Martineau.*

Childhood often holds a truth with its feeble fingers, which the grasp of manhood cannot retain—which it is the pride of utmost age to recover.
—*Ruskin* (*M. P.*)

The miracle fades out of history,
But faith and wonder and the primal earth
Are born into the world with every child.
—*Lowell.* (*Cathedral.*)

It (the child) is a miniature of human ancestry. Many ancestors rolled up small with their ambitions and appetites lie asleep, or just begin to stir at the base of its brain. It is not properly speaking young but comes a veteran upon the stage, a chip of the old block, and shows features of body and mind from before the Flood. Only as conscience and love and the Holy Ghost begin to work or play, it modifies this inherited type, and becomes personal, one with God, his servant and his son. —*C. A. Bartol.*

Happy season of childhood! Kind nature, that art to all a bountiful mother; that visitest the poor man's hut with auroral radiance; and for thy nursling hast provided a soft swathing of Love and infinite Hope, wherein he waxes and slumbers, danced round by sweetest dreams! . . The young spirit has awakened out of Eternity, and knows not what we mean by Time; as yet Time is no fast-hurrying stream, but a sportful sunlit ocean; years to the child are as ages. Ah, the secret of Vicissitude . . is yet unknown; and in a motionless Universe we taste, what afterwards in this quick-whirling Universe is forever denied us, the balm of Rest. Sleep on, thou fair child, for thy long rough journey is at hand! A little while, and thou too shalt sleep no more, but thy very dreams shall be mimic battles! —*Carlyle* (*Sartor Resartus, II, ch.* 2.)

Days of illimitable faith! How glad I am to have known them! Not all that we resign, do we regret to have possessed. Very singular and very pleasing to me is the remembrance of that simple piety of childhood. . . . To this day I never see the little clean white bed in which a child is to sleep, but I see also the figure of a child kneeling in prayer at its side. And I, for the moment, am that child. No high altar in the most sumptuous church in Christendom could prompt my knee to bend like that snow-white coverlet, tucked in for a child's slumber. —*William Smith,* (*Thorndale.*)

Welcome to the parents the puny struggler, strong in his weakness, his little arms more irresistible than the soldier's, his lips touched with persuasion which Chatham and Pericles in manhood had not. His unaffected lamentations when he lifts up his voice on high, or more beautiful, the sobbing child,—the face all liquid grief, as he tries to swallow his vexation,—soften all hearts to pity, and to mirthful and clamorous compassion. The small despot asks so little that all reason and all nature are on his side. His ignorance is more charming than all knowledge, and his little sins more bewitching than any virtue. His flesh is angels' flesh, all alive. 'Infancy,' said Coleridge, 'presents body and spirit in unity: the body is all animated.' . . . The small enchanter nothing can withstand,—no seniority of age, no gravity of character; uncles, aunts, grandsires, grandams, fall an easy prey: he conforms to nobody, all conform to him; all caper and make mouths, and babble, and chirrup to him. On the strongest shoulders he rides, and pulls the hair of laurelled heads.

The child realizes to every man his own earliest remembrance, and so supplies a defect in our education, or enables us to live over the unconscious history with a sympathy so tender as to be almost personal experience. —*Emerson.* (*Domestic Life.*)